MISCELLANEOUS

POEMS,

BY

RICHARD COOKSEY, ESQ.

"Let one poor Sprig of Bay around my Head
"Bloom while I live, and point me out when dead."

CHURCHILL.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

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TO

THE HONOURABLE

EDWARD FOLEY,

KNIGHT OF THE SHIRE FOR THE COUNTY OF WORCESTER,

THE FOLLOWING POEMS

ARE DEDICATED,

AS A SINCERE, HOWEVER HUMBLE, MARK

OF THE HIGH ESTEEM AND REGARD

ENTERTAINED FOR HIM

BY

HIS OBEDIENT

HUMBLE SERVANT,

The Author.

Preface.

THE following POEMS are ſubmitted rather to the *Candour* and *Good-humour* of the Public, than to the nice diſcerning *Critic's Eye.*

To his SUBSCRIBERS, who have honoured him with their Names, and promoted the Publication, the Author returns his SINCERE THANKS, and will only add, that, in whatever light the POEMS may be conſidered, there is not a Line written with *Intention* of giving Offence to any Perſon whomſoever.

With this Preface he diſmiſſes the Subject; — *Poetry is not his Profeſſion*; he rummages no old Trunks for Manuſcripts of Shakeſpeare; diſturbs not, by Criticiſm, the *Manes* of a *Wharton*; nor does he attempt to tear the Laurel from the Brows of *Pye.*

POEMS

ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

THE XVITH ODE (BOOK II.) OF HORACE IMITATED. *

RESTORE, ye Gods! the ſailor prays
(Alarm'd by night and angry ſeas,
While winds tempeſtuous roar);
Reſtore that peace and tranquil breaſt
Which lull'd each new-born care to reſt,
And gladden'd me on ſhore!

The Weſtern World †, 'midſt ſavage arms,
Sweet Peace! admires and ſeeks thy charms;

* This Ode was written before I left Eton ſchool.

† America.

But Oh! they're ſought in vain!
For nor the gems nor gold that ſhines
In Peru's or Potoſi's mines,
Can e'er theſe ſweets obtain.

Not all the treaſures of the Eaſt
Can aught avail to ſooth the breaſt
Diſturb'd by anxious care.
The greateſt e'en may feel its ſtings;
And (ſuch their lot) the brows of kings
Moſt oft that burthen bear.

Far happier he, who, in his cot,
Contented with an humbler lot,
Through life ſecurely glides.
His days how joyful! nights how bleſt!
Which no ſad fears nor dreams moleſt,
Nor Fortune's varying tides.

Why roam we (ſince ſo ſhort our days)
To foreign climes in ſearch of eaſe,
If in our own deny'd?
CARE follows, ſwifter than the wind;
Where'er we fly, 'tis cloſe behind.
Who can himſelf avoid?

Since

Since then ſuch terrors round us wait,
And all muſt feel the ſtroke of FATE
(Inevitable doom!)
Let us, my friend, while in our pow'r,
Enjoy the preſent ſhort-liv'd hour,
Regardleſs what's to come.

Thy death, O WOLFE! in early years,
Drew forth a grateful nation's tears,
Which ſtill laments thy fall;
While PITT, thy Patron, honour'd Sage!
Worn out with cares and with'ring age,
Obey'd the heav'nly call.

Honours, ye proud, I leave to you;
Stars, ribbons, robes of various hue,
If ſuch can pleaſure give;
While friends and books, which always pleaſe,
Unite their pow'rs to give me eaſe,
Contented I ſhall live.

ODE II.

ADDRESSED TO THE REV. CHAS. DUNSTER, AND SENT WITH OTHER COMPOSITIONS WHICH HE HAD ASKED OF ME.

WRITTEN IN 1779.

TO you I here ſubmit theſe lays,
A Bard deſerving all my praiſe.
Oh what a ſpace between us!
And, Sir, ſhould feel the greateſt joy,
Would you, tho' not an Horace *I*,
Become to me Mæcænas.

Believe me by your praiſe made vain;
I now attempt the lyric ſtrain;
May'ſt thou, my Muſe, prove friendly!
For once, I pray you, if you can,
Come dreſs me like a Gentleman,
As to his child ſaid Henley *.

* Lord Northington, on the morning he went to reſign the ſeals, ſaid to his daughter, Lady B. Tollemache, "Come, "Bridget, dreſs me like *a Gentleman*."

Not

Not that, like him, I now *reſign*;
I'll *hold* your favours, O ye Nine!
While ye continue kind.
Oh help me up Parnaſſus' Hill!
Send Phœbus down, and, if you will,
A Muſe to puſh behind.

Muſt I, if aught I aſk you, Friend,
In order to obtain my end,
By *flatt'ry*, curry favour?
Oh then, for a rich ſimile! —
You are (at leaſt appear to be)
A *diſh* that wants no flavour.

An *olio* we may ſay you are;
Now Poet gaily debonair,
Now Sage, now Wit, now Punſter.
Do we but uſe our knife and fork,
We find, whene'er we ſet to work,
A bit of each in DUNSTER.

By this, I mean to give due praiſe
Both to your merit and your lays

(And Praiſe is ſure bewitching);
And yet, I hope, you'll pardon me
For ſerving up a ſimile
Hot piping from the kitchen.

I cannot ceaſe before I aſk
(And, DUNSTER, think it not a taſk)
Some Verſes of your own.
If lazy, you will not make new:
Some ready-made for me may do,
If not old faſhion'd grown.

MR. DUNSTER'S ANSWER.

TO RICHARD COOKSEY, ESQUIRE.

——— Neget quis Carmina Gallo? VIRG.

COOKSEY, my Friend! I'd freely pay
To you the tributary lay
You kindly deign to aſk:
But tho' I erſt have rhym'd, 'tis true,
I muſt confeſs, to rhyme for you,
I find no eaſy taſk.

I boaſt

I boaſt not your poetic fire:
Like you, I cannot ſtrike the lyre:
I genius want and fancy.
Verſes I write ſcarce twice a year;
And only then to pleaſe the ear
Of ruddy ruſtic Nancy.

Oh! then forbear to aſk what I,
Tho' I can't give, can ſcarce deny
To a requeſt like thine.
Verſe can you want, who roam at will
On Pindus or Parnaſſus' Hill,
And frolic with the Nine?

Not that I want a ſubject fit
Your pleaſantry, your worth, your wit;
I'd ſing in numbers lyric;
Nor would the long-neglected Muſe
Her wonted aid, I ween, refuſe
To chant your panegyric.

This were indeed a copious lay:
Clio would here have much to ſay,

Tho' much ſhe ſcorns to flatter;
And yet I fear, ingenuous youth,
The artleſs praiſe of honeſt truth
Might hurt thy modeſt nature.

Here then I ceaſe the votive ſtrain,
Conſcious that I thy lays, in vain,
With equal ſteps would follow;
And mindful how, at ſchool, I've read
That Pan, by vanity miſled,
Contended with Apollo!

Sunday Eve, Sept. 8th, 1779.

ODE TO THE MEMORY OF CAPT. COOKE.

WRITTEN AT THE DESIRE OF MR. DUNSTER.

OCTOBER 14, 1780.

—— Te maris et terræ
Menſorem.

SAY, what avails that once thy mind
Could lands (by ſcience well refin'd)

And

And ſeas unknown explore?
For ſuch attempts, ſay what the prize?
Thy body now unbury'd lies
On cold Owhyhee's ſhore.

Yet ſouls as great have met their doom,
And now lie ſilent in the tomb,
Whoſe mem'ry ſtill ſurvives.
Columbus, Raleigh, Newton, ſay,
Could you, with all your pow'rs, a day
Have added to your lives?

Whene'er we're ſummon'd by Death's call,
One night alike awaits us all,
One never-waking ſleep.
Some War deſtroys upon the plain;
While ſome, too greedy after gain,
The all-devouring Deep.

In paths obſcure, in ev'ry place,
Death ſtalks unſeen, with ſilent pace,
And aims th'unerring dart.
The rich, the poor, the young, the old,
When the ſhort tale of life is told,
Alike muſt feel the ſmart.

Too ſoon, alas, it ſtruck thy heart,
Thou *child of ſcience and of art!*
Too ſoon thy ſcene was clos'd.
While waving (pity-mov'd) thy hand,
Fair Mercy's ſign, the ſavage band
To mercy—death oppos'd! *

Be mine the taſk (for well I know
The great rewards the Gods beſtow
On thoſe who mourn the dead)
T'entomb thy bones, to deck thy bier,
Dewing with many a grateful tear
Thy ſad ſepulchral bed.

* While making ſigns, with his right arm extended, and calling to his men *not to fire*, a ſavage reached over his left ſhoulder, and ſtabbed him in the breaſt.

Account given by perſons preſent.

ON A FRIEND,
DROWNED AS HE WAS BATHING
IN THE SEA,
ON THE COAST OF PEMBROKESHIRE, 1781.

SAY, ſhall a Friend go down into the grave,
And no ſad tribute from the Muſes flow
(From death, at leaſt, his memory to ſave)
And tell in ſorrowing verſe the tale of woe?

Tho' not in Numbers can the heart-felt grief
Mine, for thy loſs, departed Friend! explain;
Yet, as from tears, I find from Verſe relief,
And honeſt friendſhip ſanctifies the ſtrain.

Methinks I ſee, and ſhudder at the thought,
Thy weak arms ſtruggling with th' Atlantic wave,
And aid imploring; — but in vain 'tis ſought:
No friendly pow'r is near thy life to ſave!

Could

Could not, unhappy Youth ! wild Ocean's roar
Stay thee from bathing in his troubl'd * deep ?
Could not the ſurge, loud ſounding on the ſhore,
Thy footſteps on the land ſecurely keep ?

Yet, ſince ſtern Fate ordain'd a wat'ry death,
No human voice could ſtay the order giv'n :
And as the GOD who gave recall'd thy breath,
May'ſt THOU be found deſerving of His Heav'n !

I, who erſt wiſh'd thee all the good on Earth,
Now wiſh thee joys which Time can ne'er deſtroy.
O may I ever equal thee in worth,
And meet thee ſoon in bliſs, without alloy !

* He was waſhed away by a heavy ſwell.

A SONG

A SONG
ON MALVERN WELLS.

1782.

THO' old poets ſo much and ſo often would ſing
Of Parnaſſus's Mount and fair Helicon's ſpring,
In praiſe of ſuch ſubjects they ſhall not ſurpaſs us;
Be this Well *Aganippé*, and Malvern *Parnaſſus*.

Had the Muſes and Phœbus, the yellow-hair'd God,
Seen the ſpot, they at Malvern had fix'd their abode:
BRITISH Bards would the prize of the laurel obtain;
Nor ſo fam'd had been Homer's and Pindar's bold ſtrain.

Like him*, had they drank of the chryſtalline ſtream,
The praiſes of water had been their lov'd theme;
And the fountains of Malvern thro' ages liv'd long
The drink of our poets, and theme of their ſong.

* Αριστον μεν υδωρ. Pindar.

'Tis

'Tis ſaid, on Mount Ida three Beauties of Heav'n
Claim'd a prize; which by Paris to Venus was giv'n:
But was he to view all *theſe* § Beauties around,
Each Venus would ſurely his judgment confound.

Be this † day ever ſacred to Friendſhip and Mirth,
And ev'ry new year to freſh joys give a birth!
May the fountains of Malvern thro' ages live long
The drink of our poets, and theme of their ſong!

MALVERN HILL.

SHALL Cowper's Hill, ſweet Denham, ſang by thee,
For ever ſacred and immortal be?
It ever ſhall. The Hill and Poet's name
"The Muſe will conſecrate, and give to Fame."

§ Many ladies were preſent.
† The day of the public breakfaſt.

Thames

Thames near the ſpot, thy loſs lamenting flows,
While droop his willows in accordant woes.
If to a Mount, till then without a name,
The Muſe of Denham could give laſting fame,
Shall thy fair beauties, MALVERN, be forgot?
The Bard is humbler; but the theme is not:
Thy lofty ſummit reaches to the ſkies!
Oh, could my verſe with equal grandeur riſe!
Thy fame thro' future ages ſhould live long,
And MALVERN Cooper's Hill ſurpaſs in ſong.

Grand feature of our country, hail! whoſe brow
Seems plac'd the wonder of the vale below.
The Muſe exults with rapture while ſhe ſings
Thy healthy air and more ſalubrious ſprings.

Nymph of the Fountains, ſay! (for thou haſt ſeen)
How many here thy worſhippers have been.
How oft, when render'd pale by ſad diſeaſe,
Thy aid reſtor'd them to blithe health and eaſe!
And when cold Death had nearly laid them low,
Thy hand averted (Heav'nly nymph!) the blow.

Say,

Say, what rich ſtores thy Hill within contains:
Whence ſpring thoſe waters, healing all our pains?
Say, do they flow thro' ſilver channels * pure,
And thus, unmix'd with earth †, perform the cure?
Or thro' ſome health-inſpiring min'ral glide,
Till pour'd impetuous from the mountain's ſide?
For other ills a remedy you prove:
Say, O ye fountains! have ye aught for love?
What crowds of youths, what crowds of beauteous belles,
Each year, fair nymph, frequent thy holy Wells!
Each fav'rite maid, attended by her ſwain,
As Phœbus' vot'ries wait on Dian's train.
With rapture ſhall I, by ſweet Mem'ry's pow'rs,
Recall the ſcenes and ſoul-enchanting hours,
When gladly 'long the mountain's ſide I've walk'd;
With ——— trifl'd, and with ——— talk'd.

There firſt I ſaw, and ever ſhall retain
In mind the charms of all-alluring ———

* An old *ſilver mine* is ſtill open on the ſummit of one of the hills; but, for centuries, has not been worked.

† Dr. Wall, in his "Treatiſe on the Malvern Water," deſcribes it as more free from *terrene* particles than any water known in England.

To

To thy ſweet manners and good humour, Way,
The Muſe the tribute of a verſe will pay.
With Malvern's excellence ſhall thine hand down,
And aſk a ſmile from one who cannot frown.

TO A BEAUTIFUL LADY, ON HER SAYING "I KNOW WHAT MEN ARE THINKING OF, BY THEIR LOOKS."

MENS thoughts, you ſay, by looks you know;
Nor ſtrange if true it prove,
Since who can ever look on you,
And think on aught but Love?

Grant, then, oh Venus-born! my ſuit,
—One rapture-giving kiſs.
If this be deem'd forbidden fruit,
Then look me into bliſs.

TO A LADY,*
ON HER SAYING
SHE WANTED WORDS TO NOTES
ALREADY COMPOSED.

SHALL Stella aſk the poet's lay,
And Stella aſk in vain?
Shall ſhe, whom all the Loves obey,
Excite no Muſe's ſtrain?

Forbid, forbid it, O ye Nine!
And aid me with your fire;
So may this gift at Beauty's ſhrine,
Make vocal Stella's lyre.

* Miſs Melliſh, now Lady Semphill.

TO A LADY
(MISS ANNE BIRD, NOW MRS. WENTWORTH)
ON HER SAYING SHE NEVER WOULD SIT FOR HER PICTURE.

NO painter ever ſhould, you ſaid,
Sweet Anna! paint thy face:
And wilt thou leave, when thou art dead,
Of that fair form no trace?

Yet, from ſuch harſh reſolve of thine,
I cannot feel chagrin,
Since long within this heart of mine
Thy *miniature* hath been!

The *frame* which keeps it there ſecure
(Sincere and true I ſpeak)
For thee could ev'ry pain endure;
For thee perhaps may break!

LINES ADDRESSED
TO MISS ROGERS, NOW MRS. B——,
OF HALLOW PARK, IN WORCESTERSHIRE.
WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1782.

GREAT God of love! inſpire my lays,
And teach me ſome unheard-of praiſe;
No trite common-place expreſſions,
Folly's looſe and wild digreſſions;
No eloge of a face or eye,
Pert prate that veils ſincerity,
Which oft is buzz'd in faſhion's round,
By ſenſeleſs fops: an empty ſound!
But grant me, God! from out thy ſtore,
Thoughts no fond youth ere breath'd before;
Such as t'Eliza I may bear,
In ſounds moſt grateful to her ear;
To whom 'tis given from above,
T'extend the pow'r and ſway of Love.
Who well performs the God's beheſt,
And plants his ſtandard in each breaſt:

Who in herſelf his force collects,
And by her eye his ſhaft directs!
Thy charms, enchanting Maid! I've felt,
And at thy altar ſhould have knelt,
But that the giddy circling crew
Withheld the tribute Love own'd due;
Not long, alas! thy ſun, I fear,
Will radiate Wor'ſter's hemiſphere.
Too ſoon I dread th'approach of night;
And little ſtars will then look bright,
Which hitherto, to *me*, I own,
Have twinkl'd, or neglected ſhone!
Yet now theſe ſtars I'll gladly view,
As borrowing all their light from *you*!
Farewell harſh word! dear maid, farewell!
With thee I could for ever dwell.
But hence, alas! you go this morn,
And ſoon wilt Avon's banks adorn.
So ſhall that ſtream have equal praiſe
For beauty and poetic lays;
Since each fair form which Shakeſpear drew,
Admiring worlds may ſee in you.

AN ECLOGUE,
FOUNDED ON MATTERS OF FACT.

SCENE, LONDON.

TIME, AFTER BREAKFAST.

* * and * one ſummer-morning ſate,
Like Virgil's ſinging ſhepherds, tete-à-tete;
Tho' not in ſcenes like theirs, in ſhady groves,
Like them they mourn'd and prais'd their abſent loves.
The Duns, upholſterer, and fruit-girl gone,
Firſt * * open'd, and began his moan.

* *

As in St. James's Park laſt night I ſtray'd,
I met (I will not name) the charming maid;
Leſt liſt'ning Envy ſhould to Venus bear
Her Rival's fame, and fill her breaſt with care.
Above in quiet let that Goddeſs rove,
Torment Queen Juno, and careſs her Jove!
Great though her beauty, who gave Cupid birth,
My HARRIET ſhines more beauteous far on earth!

And

And while to me, to view her charms 'tis giv'n,
I'll envy Gods, nor Venus, nor their heav'n.

*

Ah * *, * reply'd, fond youth, forbear
To ſound ſuch praiſes in a deafen'd ear;
Deafen'd to all that's ſaid of others grace,
Blind to all beauty but Eliza's face.
Her too I ſaw, laſt night, in that ſame ſpot;
And ſeeing her, all other cares forgot.
Love, Love alone, throbb'd quickly round my heart;
Her *ſight* was pleaſure, but her *diſtance* ſmart!
An old *Acriſius* kept this faireſt flow'r;
Nor could I with *one* guinea make a *ſhow'r* *.
Then diſcontented to Vauxhall I flew,
To meet a female who my fair one knew;
That I to her might breathe my diſcontent,
Tell her how joyfully of late I went;
When hopes of ſeeing, diſengag'd my fair,
Led to the Mall my ſteps as light as air,
How diſappointed, ſorrowing, I return'd,
While with freſh ardor my ſtrong paſſion burn'd!

* Danaé was confined in a tower by Acriſius till Jove viſited her in a *ſhower* of gold; or, in other words, by *bribing* her Duenna.

* *

Ceaſe to deſcribe what I too oft have felt,
When through the ſtreet in which my Harriet dwelt
I've rode, and ev'ry window well ſurvey'd,
And nought have ſeen of that bewitching maid;
Each place is irkſome where *ſhe* is not ſeen:
Thy round, O Ran'lagh,—Kenſington, thy green.
Laſt night I heard, with ſorrow, that ſhe'd been
Two hours that morn alone in Lincoln's Inn;
Had I been with her, Oh the bliſs, how great!
I'd thought a Paradiſe law's diſmal ſeat!

*

There too was ſhe for whom my ſoul's on fire;
Our objects diff'rent, but the ſame deſire;
Yet now I cheriſh the fond hope, to meet
My dear Eliza in a certain ſtreet;
There will I breathe the tender heartfelt ſigh,
Tell her, for her I'd live—for her would die!
And (as in paſt'rals ſhe hath read I wot)
With her would ſpend my life in humble cot.

* *

Happy could hopes like thine make glad *my* heart!
This morn my Harriet did from town depart;

Yet

Yet hopes of quickly ſeeing her again,
Will make my time leſs ſad, and eaſe my pain.

Thus talk'd theſe gentle ſwains of th'am'rous herd
The d—dſt nonſenſe ſure that e'er was heard.

CONSOLATORY ODE
TO LIEUTENANT DANIEL, OF THE BLUES, ON THE LOSS OF HIS BAGGAGE, BEFORE DUNKIRK.

DANIEL, my friend, a Muſe who long
Hath ceas'd to breathe a jocund ſong,
Again reſumes her pen;
And well you know, that humble Muſe
Was ever partial to the Blues;
The Blues, the firſt of men!

To eaſe thy mind of all its pains,
She pours conſolatory ſtrains;

And

And modeſt ſure her ſpeech is;
Yet, baſhful Youth, you can't deny
This truth,—or ſay the Muſe does lie
Who ſings thy loſs of breeches.

Who could have thought that men ſo true,
Deem'd changeleſs as their colour—Blue,
Should *now* ſing other notes?
That gallant Stavely ſhould be won,
That Aſhton, Daſhwood, Jefferſon,
And you, be *Sans Culottes!*

Forbid it loyalty and pride,
And ev'ry honeſt ſenſe beſide
Which forms a ſoldier's mind!
And yet, again, I ſay, 'tis true:
For ſhame, the Regiment of Blue
Is now deſcry'd behind!

E'en gallant York, ere this, I fear,
Has ſeen your forces in the REAR!
Alas! your glory's o'er!
And yet, amidſt all hoſtile fire,
May ſtill your front remain entire,
And you reach Britiſh ſhore!

Thomas

Thomas and White ſhall be ſent o'er,
Skill'd in all breeches-making lore,
And all femorial grace;
And when with decency you may,
To the French ſcoundrels any day,
I know you'll ſhew your face.

Proceed, ye Britiſh Bands proceed:
If *levelling* ſhould be the creed
In which your foes will truſt,
Be this creed *yours* too for a day,
And France, to Britiſh arms a prey,
Be *levell'd* in the duſt!

TO

TO CAPTAIN * * * *,
ON HIS PROPOSING TO LEAVE WORCESTER, TO SPEND THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS AT STOWE,

ERE you, dear * * * * ſhall from Wor'ſter go,
To taſte the ſweets of hoſpitable Stowe,
Accept the verſe you aſk'd; and may it prove
A laſting token of the Poet's love!

Hence can you go? Ah no! the thought forbear,
Nor leave the maiden with the flaxen hair.
By thee forſaken, ſhe may frantic rove,
A hapleſs victim of deluded love.
The willow, planted by the love-lorn maid
On Severn's banks, (where oft with thee ſhe ſtray'd)
Of thy harſh treatment ſhall a witneſs grow,
And weep till Severn's ſtream ſhall ceaſe to flow.
To thee perchance another youth ſucceeds;
Breathes am'rous ſighs, and at Love's altar bleeds.

She who within the coal-hole's gloom receiv'd
Thy hidden vows, and ah! too ſoon believ'd;
She too, a ſecond victim to deſpair,
Shall breathe her ſighs to unregarding air;
Or rage, to grief abandon'd, o'er our plains,
A fit companion to the *nymph of Claines!*
But joys ſuperior to the joys of love
Allure your footſteps, and triumphant prove.
The ſmiles of Buckingham, the charms of Stowe,
The ſweets which nature, art, and wealth beſtow,
Muſt ſome reſiſtleſs influence impart,
And lull to ſweet forgetfulneſs your heart.
The Poet's mind can ſee, by *Fancy's light*,
The vary'd gambols of the *Chriſtmas night*;
Can ſee e'en Pitt* conſume the midnight hour
In ſearch of bullets† in *a diſh of flour!*
Him who ſo firm at Britain's rudder ſtands,
Now crying forfeits, who erſt gave commands.
Perhaps the lofty man contemns ſuch ſtuff,
And ſolemn, tries his hand at blindman's buff.

* Mr. Pitt and Lord Grenville expected at Stowe.

† A Chriſtmas Gambol.

The

The ladies, whilſt He runs the darkling race,
Like politicians, all his motions trace.
The Marchioneſs is caught—ſhe fond of humming,
Aſſumes the chambermaid, and cries "Ma'am,
coming!"
Nor could he 'ſcape from many a ſhift like this,
Did not ſome curious maid attempt a kiſs.
Caught in the fact—why all denial's vain:
She takes the handkerchief,—Pitt ſees again.
But all the pow'rs of ſight ſtill uſeleſs prove;
He wakes to *Beauty*, but ſtill ſleeps to *Love!*
While this ſcene laſts, ſome nymphs, by frolic led,
Mount the back ſtairs, and bag Lord Grenville's bed.
* * beware! believe the prophet's line,
They bag his bed, and put ſome eggs in thine.
Wilt not Thou, when the comic plot ſhall thicken,
And thou ſhalt break an egg, or kill a chicken,—
Say, wilt not thou, when thus depriv'd of ſleep,
O'er Wors'ter's fair ones and thy folly weep?
Oh! ſtay, attend to reaſon couch'd in rhyme,
And viſit Buckingham ſome other time.
Should Grenville chide, take counſel of the Muſe,
Send her a *lamprey* and a fair excuſe.

'Tis

'Tis an odd fiſh; but odd as it may be,
'Twill cauſe her ladyſhip to think on thee!
Adieu. Think ſometimes on the leaſt of bards,
* Pride of the proud firſt regiment of guards.

TO RICHARD PAYNE KNIGHT, ESQ.

WHOE'ER thy claſſic poem, Knight, hath read,
Where truth, and taſte, and harmony combine;
Where native ſenſe, by manly ſcience fed,
Speaks the full mind in ev'ry nervous line,
Muſt hail with patriot joy th'approaching hour,
When trammell'd nature ſhall again be free:
Shall ſpurn the dull *Improver*'s pedant pow'r,
And burſt luxuriant into liberty.
So in thy fav'rite Bard's immortal lays
Bounds the fleet courſer to the well-known plain;
Exulting in the wanton current plays,
High lifts his head, and waves his flowing mane.

* A Lady's (*i. e.* Miſs H——) character of this regiment to Captain * *.

His

His flowing mane, by barb'rous art unknown,
Floats on a neck by no rude yoke oppreſs'd;
While nature's beauties all his limbs adorn,
And conſcious freedom ſwells his ample cheſt.
O Liberty and Nature! kindred pow'rs!
Shed on this favour'd Iſle your genial beams!
Arch our high groves, and weave our tangled bow'rs,
Pile our rude rocks, and wind our lucid ſtreams.
Yet not to ſylvan ſcenes alone confin'd,
Or on one favour'd ſpot be felt your ſway!
Exalt the nobler energies of mind,
And pour o'er all your globe the intellectual day!

The above beautiful lines, in approbation of the ſyſtem of improvement in pictureſque ſcenery, recommended to Mr. Knight in his claſſical poem, *the Landſcape*, were written by Sir Edward Winnington, Bart. and were the accidental occaſion of the jocular Ode which follows:

The Author hopes, if there ſhould be any thing offenſive in his manner of treating the ſame ſubject, that the publication of ſo maſterly a panegyric as this is, will be accepted as a ſufficient atonement for any fancied attack made by him upon Mr. Knight's and Mr. Price's juſtly celebrated publications.

UT PICTURA, POESIS.

ODE I.

" RUIN ſeize you! treach'rous pair!
" Oblivion on your writings wait!
" Tho' nurs'd in Science' pureſt air,
" Ye mock Reviews in letter'd ſtate!"

Such were the ſounds 'neath Downton's * brow,
Breath'd by a Parſon in a ſlough;
Led by a *Poem* to his Bane,
The "*pictureſqueneſs*" of a *Lane*.
Ruts and rubbiſh! curſe your charms!
Curſe your beeches, roots, and arms!
Periwinkles, moſs, farewell †,
Sheep-niches, and ivy'd dell!

* Downton, the ſeat of R. P. Knight, Eſq.

† Ruts, rubbiſh, periwinkles, beech-roots, moſs, ſheep-niches, and ivy, are eſteemed by the ingenious Author of the Treatiſe on "the Pictureſque," as chiefly compoſing this kind of beauty. Happy for the Lovers of VIRTU, that they are to be found in every dirty lane in England! How many men of true taſte muſt envy this ignorant Parſon the *leiſure* he enjoyed in the quickſand, to admire ſuch a ſcene!

Objects which may *you* inſpire,
Have ſank me hapleſs in the mire;
Since whilſt I view what *you* call fine,
The quickſand ſwallow'd the Divine.

II.

On a height, above the mud,
Knight and Price together ſtood;
This, the *Tityrus* * of the age;
That, the *Melibæus* ſage;
While they view the *man of mire*,
Loud they call for harp and lyre.

PRICE.

See, friend, a ſubject for thy rhime!
Here is nor *beauty* nor *ſublime*.
If neither, then we muſt agree
'Tis "*Pictureſquizzity*." †

* ——————— "Arcades ambo
Et *cantare* Pares et *reſpondere* parati." VIRG.

† "Pictureſquizzity." — I have ventured to make uſe of this word, which I believe *does not occur in any writer*, from what appeared to me the neceſſity of having ſome one word to oppoſe to "beauty" and "ſublimity."

Price on the word "Pictureſqueneſs," p. 38.

Ah!

Ah! no connoiſſeur * art thou:
Parſon! well I know thee now.
Bellow ſtill, and damn the ſlough!

Now my mind, with ſubject big,
Sees a "roughneſs †" in thy wig,
Which, on bramble lodg'd, appears
Like ‡ ——— to remain there many years.
Perchance too, in that very Scratch,
Cuckoos and future owls may hatch.
But Oh my Muſe! expand not Fate's dark ſcroll!
Ye unhatch'd cuckoos §, crowd not on my ſoul!
More could I add; but now, my friend
Leads the Poem to its end.

* "Ah no traveller art thou:
"King of men, I know thee now." GRAY.

† "Roughneſs." "By *roughneſs*, I mean what is any way contrary to *ſmoothneſs*." Price, p. 103.

This *new* and *ſingular* definition and idea of roughneſs, firſt appeared in 1794.

‡ A new ſimile.

§ The ingenious Author of this Ode muſt excuſe us in obſerving, that he borrows this thought from the obſcure yet ſublime Gray:

"Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my ſoul."

KNIGHT.

Oh for Homer's vivid force,
To deſcribe his ſtruggling *horſe!* *
View the horrors of his mane
'Merging from the miry lane!
Oh for Roſa's tints of brown, †
To paint the parſon's mud-ſtain'd gown!
Green with *duck-weed*, head and ears,
He like a river-god appears.
Thus did APIS ‡, bull divine,
Crown'd, of old, with Lotus ſhine.
There, Parſon §, may'ſt thou long remain,
Till ſeen by all in Science' train!

Till

* Mr. Knight is a particular admirer of Homer's deſcription of the Horſe.

† Salvator Roſa, in moſt of his pictures, uſes but three ſhades of brown. The *familiar* acquaintance of Mr. Knight with all ancient painters, warrants the uſe of the ſurname *Roſa* only.

‡ The Ægyptian god Apis, is generally repreſented as crowned with the Λωτος (LOTUS) or Nymphæa. Mr. Knight is as great an admirer of ancient mythology as of painting.

§ Perſons who do not read to the end of this beautiful ode, and are ſtrangers to the urbanity and hoſpitality of Mr. Knight's

Till poets, painters, ſculptors, all
Shall catch ideas from thy fall.
And Repton ſhall a convert be
To all that's taught by Price and me.
Farewell! Thou in verſe ſhalt live:
This meed Price and I ‡ can give:
Price and I, at whoſe dread frown,
Tremble all the groves of Brown;
Who, from you, immers'd in bog,
From hovels, roots, or meaneſt log,
Can draw and teach the world to ſee
"Pictureſquu-izzity."

Knight's character, might conceive a very unfavourable idea of him from this wiſh, that the worthy clergyman might remain in ſo dirty a ſituation: but when we conſider the true motive, — his wiſh to improve the fine arts by this new inſtance of the pictureſque, and his determination to give the Parſon, after he had done, all the good he could *on earth*, immortal fame in verſe,— our opinion muſt be changed to ſentiments of the higheſt reſpect.

‡ Felices ambo ſi quid mea carmina poſſint
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo. VIRG.

NASH'S GHOST.

VERSES WRITTEN AT BATH.

Carmine Dii ſuperi placantur, carmine Manes.

'TWAS at the ſilent midnight hour,
When all but *Greeks* * did ſleep,
When Ghoſts enjoy the tranſient pow'r
O'er this our world to ſweep;

When Shades (for e'en to *ſhades* are dear
Their former cares in life)
In viſions often will appear,
To view its joys and ſtrife;

The pale Ghoſt of Bath's far-fam'd BEAU †
Drew nigh to ANSTEY's bed,
And thus in accents firm, but low,
To that blithe Poet ſaid,

* This word in the meridian of Bath needs no explanation.

† He was uſually calſed BEAU Naſh.

" And

" And is it thus that Genius ſleeps,
" Which, Oh! hath ſlept too long,
" While in that *vale*, and on thoſe *ſteeps* ‡,
" Stand ſuch fit themes of ſong?

" Rouſe, ANSTEY! rear thy drooping head;
" Thy frolic pen reſume!
" *Bath-Eaſton*'s charming Muſe is dead,
And *Draper*'s in the tomb.

" *Companions of thy tuneful art*, §
" They boaſt an endleſs fame:
" Long may it be ere thou depart,
" And leave the world thy name!

" Long may a ſpot to me ſo dear,
" To *Genius* alſo be!
" Wit's ſtandards ſtill upheld appear
" By *Tollemache* † and Thee.

‡ Lower and Higher Town.
§ Gray.
† Lady B. T. now at Bath.

" Longer canſt thou keep ſilence, when
" The *Bath Palladio*'s near,
" Uncheck'd by thy correcting pen,
" *New Babel* in the air?

" Old BLADUD's ſtatue, though of ſtone,
" And in ſo warm a ſeat,
" Trembles leſt ſoon come tumbling down
" The *High Town* at its feet.

" No Pigs § will e'er retrieve the ſprings
" When theſe the ruins choke;
" With ſnouts annoy'd by modern rings,
" To find them ne'er will poke.

" The walk to High Town (near a league)
" Up ſuch a dreadful ſtreet,
" Would e'en of Hotham ‡ much fatigue
" The active handſome feet.

§ Theſe docile animals are ſaid to have firſt diſcovered the Bath waters, of which phyſicians have deſcribed the qualities ſo fully.

‡ Remarkable for being a good walker.

" In

" In *Camden-Place* each neighb'ring friend,
" While ſitting at Quadrille,
" May in their houſes ſoon deſcend
" To *Walcot* en famille.

" In LAURA's *ſuburb* houſes yawn
(" Each paſſenger may ſee 'em)
" 'Twill ſoon be (if ſhe's not withdrawn)
" Macartney's Mauſoleum.

" Forgive me, if I hover round
" With fond protecting eye,
" Scenes where I once ſuch pleaſure found;
" Nor left till forc'd to die.

" *This* ſpot, where once I reign'd ſupreme
" In forms, dreſs, taſte the firſt,
" Alas! (I will but touch the theme)
" Is alter'd for the worſt.

" Where I once unreſiſted rear'd
" My all-controuling *plumes*, ‡
" There has of late, I fear, appear'd
" Rebellion 'gainſt the Rooms.

‡ He always wore a white chapeau plume.

" The

" The *private* circles too much lure
" Young *Beauty* from the ball;
" There cards, and (as the lightning's ſure)
" The blaſting ſcandals fall.

" O let thy monitory ſong,
" Secure to be obey'd,
" Recall to the enchanting throng
" The lovely truant Maid.

" Around let gay *Good-Humour* reign,
" That charm of ev'ry face,
" Thus ſhall we ſee them once again
" *The paths of Pleaſure trace.*

" Adieu! ſweet Bard! the morn-ſtar calls
" The world of ſhades away. —
" May'ſt Thou, whate'er my Ghoſt befalls,
" Long taſte the ſweets of day!"

INSCRIBED

INSCRIBED TO MISS DE CERJAT, OF LAUSANNE, ON THE PROSPECT SEEN FROM THE ACACIA GROVE, IN THE GARDEN OF MR. DE CERJAT.

WRITTEN IN AUGUST, 1790.

HERE, where its ſhade th' Acacia throws,
And ſcreens us from the glare of day,
Let Fancy and the Muſe repoſe,
And hence the vary'd ſcene ſurvey.

Th'aſtoniſh'd and enraptur'd eye,
Geneva's azure lake explores;
Whoſe waters with old Ocean's vie,
As proudly ſwelling daſh its ſhores.

Crown'd with the gloom of aged groves,
Meilleria's * rocks high frown in air;
St. Preux's lorn ſhade around them roves,
And ſeeks his much-lov'd Julia there;

* The Rocks of Meilleria are apparently oppoſite to Lauſanne, on the Savoy ſide of Lake Leman.

Whilſt

Whilſt ſhe (a ſhade too) from the brow
Of *Clarens* † caſts her eyes ſweet beams.
Their former loves, their mutual vow,
Are now but echoes, viſions, dreams.

Dear ſhades! the ſplendid ray of Fame
Around your tombs a glory throws;
St. Preux's and Julia's tender name
Shall be immortal as Rouſſeau's; §

Whilſt youths and maids who lead the dance
In Blaunay's ‡ lute-reſounding grove,
From you ſhall learn their joy t'enhance;
From you, dear ſhades! ſhall learn to love.

And when theſe brighter days are paſt,
The youths may turn their languid eye,
And in Ripaille || may at the laſt,
Who here learn'd love, be taught to die.

To

† The Chateau de Clarens is within view of the rocks of Meilleria.

§ Vide Rouſſeau's Eloiſe.

‡ In Blaunay Wood are frequent balls during the reſidence of company at Evian, a watering-place in Savoy.

|| The convent of Ripaille is only two leagues diſtant from Evian.

To Beauty, e'en the Alps will prove
The fatal truth, "It laſts not long."
View hence the lights at eve which move,
And caſt their bluſhes on Mont Blanc.

No Tyrian dyes, not e'en the roſe †
With tints ſo rich, have ever ſhone
As theſe which, on eternal ſnows,
Bloom for a moment, and are gone.

No longer let the ſad Muſe dwell
On thoughts which cauſe us to repine;
But look where laughing vineyards ſwell;
The ſcenes of dance, of mirth, of wine!

Here, by the proſpect there deſcrib'd,
Strangers of ev'ry clime are warm'd;
Where the kind Sifters ‡ oft preſide,
And grace the circle which they form'd.

LINES

Evian. Duke Amadeus, of Savoy, after the voluntary reſignation of his dukedom, ended his days here.

† From roſe-like tints, Mont Blanc is called by the Italians Monte Roſa.

‡ Eliza and Sabina Cerjat. — This was written the day after

LINES LEFT IN THE HERMITAGE § OF LA MAGDALENE, NEAR FRIBOURG, IN SWITZERLAND.

WRITTEN IN OCTOBER, 1790.

THO' much the Poets and the Sages praiſe
The bliſsful moments of the *Hermit*'s days,
Your minds, my countrymen, will better ſcan
The duties owed to Providence by man.
Where is by Reaſon or Religion giv'n
The precept, *Solitude the way to Heav'n?*
Learn in the world to take the *active* part,
And with each virtue grace the Britiſh heart.

after an aſſembly at their houſe, at which were all the Engliſh. Comte Lally Tolendall and Marquis de Chauvigny, of the French, then at Lauſanne.

§ This Hermitage is deſcribed by Mr. Coxe.

INSCRIPTION

INSCRIPTON FOR A COLUMN, SUPPOSED TO BE THE REMAINS OF A TEMPLE OF APOLLO, AT AVENCHE, IN SWITZERLAND, THE ANCIENT AVENTICUM.

HERE, trav'ller, pauſe! hence view th'effects of *Time*,
Known and lamented in each age and clime.
Theſe fields, where now grow ſcanty crops of corn,
§ Baths, temples, palaces, did once adorn.
Such, ſtranger, *was* AVENTICUM! — thine eye
No longer thoſe bright glories can deſcry.
Of all its bulwarks ſcarce one tow'r remains
On which Rome's *Eagle* wav'd o'er neighb'ring plains.

§ Written at Avenche, October 1790, while on a viſit to the Earl of Northampton; who has cauſed to be diſcovered many Moſaic pavements, baths, &c. — whoſe condeſcending kindneſs to me I remember with great gratitude.

And

And here thou ſeeſt the mantling ivy twine
Round this ſad relic of Apollo's ſhrine.
Go, trav'ller, hence; reflect on theſe events,
And *uſe* that *Time*, whoſe pow'r the Muſe laments.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF LA GRANDE CHARTREUSE, DEC. 15, 1789.

WHILST all around this dread auguſt abode,
Rocks, groves, and torrents, loud proclaim a GOD;
Where Nature's pages teach mankind to be
Firm as theſe rocks, and as theſe torrents free;
Within theſe walls th'united Virtues ſhine:
Here truly ſeems "the human face divine."

Could *I* awake the tuneful lyre of GRAY,
You, holy Band! would claim its ſweeteſt lay;
Yet tho' that lyre for ever be unſtrung,
For ever mute that Bard's enchanting tongue,

Still

Still let the humbleſt ne'er from hence depart,
Nor leave ſome ſignal of a grateful heart.
Fathers, your goodneſs e'er in mine ſhall live!
Accept my thanks — the ALL I have to give.

LINES
WRITTEN IN THE VALLEY OF CHAMOUNI, AUGUST, 1790.

YE Britiſh youths who cull, like bees,
The ſweets of hill and dale,
And here your wand'ring fancy pleaſe
In *Chamouni*'s fam'd vale,

Let not its charms too long detain
Your ſteps, nor farther roam;
The ſearch of happineſs is vain,
So diſtant from your home.

Be England's worth, which each pole knows,
The ſubject of your ſong:
In juſtice pure as Alpine ſnows,
And hardy as Mont Blanc †.

TRANSLATION
FROM FLORIAN D'ESTELLE—
LAUSANNE, 1790.

"Adieu Bergere cherie!"

SWEET Shepherdeſs, adieu!
Adieu, my only Love!
Far off I now muſt view
The meads o'er which you rove.

Tho' exil'd to that ſhore,
My faith ſhall *ſtill* remain;
But thou, alas! no more
Wilt hear my plaintive ſtrain.

† The Valley of Chamouni lies at the foot of Mont Blanc.

Yet

Yet mourn not, Love! for me;
I ſoon ſhall meet my doom:
The path which leads from thee,
Leads quickly to the tomb.

A MESDAMES
LA DUCHESSE DE CASTRIES
LA DUCHESSE DE CAYLUS †
LA COMTESSE DE JUIGNEE
VUES AU BALL DE LAUSANNE.
1789 & 1790.

SI j'eus ete Oh Graces de dance!
Un *patriot* ‡ et *vous* hors d'la France
Mon cœur helas! eut ſoupiré!
" Tu coute trop cher O liberté."

† Theſe ladies, remarkably handſome, danced always in the ſame quarré. The Comteſſe d'Avaux, or Mademoiſelle de Severy, uſually made the fourth.

‡ Ariſtocrate and Patriot were then the principal terms of diſtinction of party.

Beaute, Venus, d'Amour le train
S'indignant quittent les Bordes de *Seine*,
Et laiſſent les Francais ſoupirer,
" Tu coute trop cher O liberté."

Ou Caſtries? Juignee? ſang de Guines †
Ou Caylus? et ſes charmes divines,
Les graces de France ſont exileés,
Tu coute trop cher O liberté!

Les Alpes le charmant groupe protegent
Pour celles l'hiver ‡ ſuſpend ſes nieges
Juſqu'a ce que France puiſſe diſtinguer
De la *licence* la *liberté*.

† Daughters of the Duc de Guines, then, together with Mareſchal de Caſtries and ſeveral of the French nobleſſe, ſettled at Lauſanne.

La Comteſſe de Juignee was one of the Dames du Palais to the late Queen of France. She left Lauſanne in 1790, to attend her duty, and died at Paris in 1791.

‡ This winter was remarkably mild; two days only it ſnowed, except on the Glaciers.

TO A BEAUTIFUL AND ACCOMPLISHED YOUNG LADY, EMINENT FOR HER SKILL IN PAINTING, ON SEEING HER COPY OF THE PICTURE OF UNA, PAINTED BY ANGELICA KAUFFMAN.

FICTION has ſung, that in the wild,
Deſerted, UNA lay,
Whoſe eyes could look e'en tygers mild;
Whoſe voice made wolves obey.

The *painter* caught the poet's fire;
And tygers ſporting mild
With wolves, in Kauffman's tints, admire
Blithe Spencer's fancy'd child.

But, ——, when next on Una's face
Your pencil's pow'r you try,
Let not each feature and each grace
Angelica ſupply;

But, by a mirror's faithful aid,
With nice attention draw,
From model of thyſelf, ſweet Maid!
A form without a flaw.

At ſight of which, tho' no fierce brood,
Infringing Nature's laws,
Of tygers play, or leave their food,
Or lions roar applauſe;

Yet which from reaſon-govern'd man
Shall admiration claim;
And which the pencil and the pen
Shall conſecrate to Fame.

TO THE SAME LADY.

THO' long the ſtorms of age have beat
On *Petrarch*'s and his *Laura*'s tomb,
Thy vict'ry, Time! is incomplete,
Since in his ſong their names *ſtill* bloom.

In

In *Raphael's* † *tints* her charms ſtill glow
Which won th' enamour'd poet's heart,
And ſtill, melodious ſounding, flow
The lays which his fond love impart.

Could *I* wake Petrarch's tuneful lyre,
Could *I* breathe ſtrains as ſoft and free,
To themes more lovely I'd aſpire,
And ſing a fairer Laura—THEE.

ON SEEING THE PRINCESS AUGUSTA ON THE TERRACE AT WINDSOR.

1782.

THY foreſts, Windſor! and thy tow'rs,
Already have been ſung;
Already prais'd by all the pow'rs
Of Pope's enchanting tongue.

† A Picture of Laura by Raphael, is in Hatfield Houſe; under which is this inſcription:

"*Laura* fui, viridem *Raphael* facit atque *Petrarca*."

On thy proud heights with grandeur crown'd,
If poet's ſong be true,
Fair *Beauty*'s ſeat hath e'er been found
Secluſe from vulgar view.

There erſt the Muſe her off'ring paid
At *Carolina*'s ſhrine;
Which honours, lovely royal maid,
Auguſta! now are thine.

To us, from thoughts of love confin'd,
Hard Fate permits not more
Than that fair form and lovely mind
To ſee and to adore.

ON SEEING THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE WEAR A BRANCH OF LAUREL IN HER BREAST-KNOT, AT THE ELECTION OF MR. FOX FOR WESTMINSTER,

IN 1784.

"The Laurel and Thorn."

WHEN *Envy* ſaw the laurel wreath
Entwin'd round Devon's breaſt,
In ſounds which friends alone could breathe,
She *Calumny* addreſt.

From Devon's breaſt (tho' ſhe be fair
As Venus ocean-born)
The laurel, ſiſter! we will tear,
And plant therein a thorn.

On this their care they each beſtow,
But Virtue mock'd their toil,
And, kind, forbade a thorn to grow
In her moſt favour'd ſoil.

The

The thorn no ſooner rear'd its head,
When lo! to droop 'twas ſeen;
The laurel branch more richly ſpread,
And ſtill blooms ever-green.

INSCRIPTION

ON A SEAT IN GWAYNYNOG PARK, IN A GROVE NEAR THE RIVER ASTRAD.

SHOULD grief, ſhould care, or ill requited love,
Lead thy ſad footſteps to this ſtream or grove,
Here, wand'rer, pauſe! thy limbs and mind repoſe,
While at thy feet pellucid *Aſtrad* flows,
And freely add, by vent of ſorrows here,
Sighs to his murmurs; to his ſtream a tear.

The above lines were written while on a viſit to my excellent friend Colonel Myddelton, ſince deceaſed; and were by him affixed to an oak near the ſpot.

TO A YOUNG LADY,
ON HER EXPRESSING HER ADMIRATION OF FONTENELLE'S "PLURALITY OF WORLDS."

WHILE you, dear Girl, with rapture dwell
On world-creating Fontenelle,
Think that the purpoſe of thy birth
Was to be pleas'd and pleaſe on *earth*.

For me, was Fontenelle's each world
To chaos and to ruin hurl'd,
To all I'd gladly bid adieu,
And ſeek a paradiſe in you:
Nor would I aſk in moon or ſtar
What rivers or what mountains are,
While I could all enraptur'd ſip
Nectareous juices from thy lip.
This truth I'd wiſh with thee to prove,
Creation's end alone is *love*.

Love

Love then, dear Girl! and when ſtern Fate
Shall put a period to our date,
To all his worlds I'll gladly rove
With *thee*, in every orb, to love.

BRACES LEIGH.

1778.

IF verdant meads, if ſhade of groves,
If rural ſcenes can pleaſe the eye,
Scenes which the Nymph and Dryad loves,
Theſe charms are thine ſweet Braces Leigh *.

What! tho' no mimic temples riſe,
No aid the hands of *art* ſupply,
No ruin, no caſcade *ſurpriſe*
Throughout the walks of Braces Leigh;

* The reſidence of Holland Cookſey, Eſquire, and the Author's birth-place.

Yet

Yet *Nature*, elegantly wild
(And ſay, Can *Art* with *Nature* vie?)
On this fair ſpot propitious ſmil'd,
And ſpread her ſtores at Braces Leigh.

Here, in the green oak-ſhadow'd dell,
The murm'ring riv'let ſitting nigh,
The bird of night, ſweet Philomel,
Makes glad the groves of Braces Leigh.

Then Ah! farewell, thou lov'd retreat!
With deep regret, and many a ſigh,
Do I now leave my childhood's ſeat,
And quit, for London, Braces Leigh.

AS A TESTIMONY OF REGARD
TO THE MEMORY OF A DEPARTED SISTER,
I INSERT THESE HER OWN VERSES,
WRITTEN BY HER AT BRACES LEIGH,
AT THE AGE OF EIGHTEEN.

BENEATH an oak I penſive ſat,
Revolving in my mind,
If, void of grandeur, void of ſtate,
I *Happineſs* could find.

Ah! no, I thought thoſe ruſtic trees,
Thoſe meads ſo often view'd,
Had loſt their wonted pow'r to pleaſe,
And now look'd wild and rude.

Here Nature ſpreads her ample ſtore,
And various wonders ſhews;
Why do theſe beauties charm no more,
No longer joy diffuſe?

Oh!

Oh! whence this change? why is my heart
Still panting after bliſs?
Where, pleaſing phantom! in what part
Dwells real Happineſs?

When lo! a viſion, heav'nly bright,
Attracts my wand'ring eyes,
Serene, majeſtic to my ſight,
Admiring with ſurpriſe.

When thus ſhe calm'd my troubl'd ſoul:—
"I come thy doubts to clear,
"Thy reſtleſs paſſions to controul;
"Diſpel thy groundleſs fear.

"My name, CONTENT! lend thou thine ear
"Attentive to my ſtrain;
"Thy doubts, like miſts, ſhall diſappear,
"And eaſe thee of thy pain.

"Seek not for Happineſs below;
"Accept *me* for thy guide:
"Far, far above this vale of woe
"Does Happineſs reſide.

"Of

" Of *Pleaſure*'s flow'ry path beware;
" Truſt not the glitt'ring bait:
" Deluded in her artful ſnare,
" *Remorſe* and *Anguiſh* wait.

" Nor let inſidious *Love* beguile,
" Or cauſe the frequent ſigh;
" Truſt not the preſent dang'rous ſmile:
" Let courage make thee fly.

" Nor mad *Ambition*'s tracks purſue;
" Move in thy proper ſphere:
" Bid proud and tow'ring thoughts adieu,
" And ſeek CONTENTMENT there.

" Nor vainly at thy lot repine,
" How humble or how low;
" Millions, thy betters, ſtill remain
" Oppreſs'd with ev'ry woe.

" With humble cheerfulneſs obey,
" Thy gracious God adore;
" So may He cheer thy deſtin'd way,
" And bleſs thee evermore."

ELEGIAC

ELEGIAC LINES
INSCRIBED TO THE MEMORY OF PRINCE LEOPOLD OF BRUNSWICK, DROWNED IN AN OVERFLOW OF THE DANUBE, IN ATTEMPTING TO SAVE HIS SUBJECTS FROM A SIMILAR FATE.

Addreſſed to the Members of the "*Severn Humane Society*," and recited at their Anniverſary, Auguſt 10th, 1789. James Martin, Eſq. M. P. Preſident.

IF conqu'rors, kings, or heroes dead,
Can claim the Muſe's juſt applauſe,
The tear more juſtly ſhall ſhe ſhed
O'er thoſe who fall in *Mercy*'s cauſe.

Her *choiceſt* ſtrain ſhall ſhe beſtow,
Bid her moſt verdant laurels bloom;
And, while ſhe ſings the tale of woe,
Shall twine them round her *Brunſwick*'s tomb.

When Danube's riſing torrents bore
His ſubjects to a wat'ry grave,
Amid that torrent's loudeſt roar
The godlike Prince ruſh'd forth to ſave.

Humanity long nerv'd his arm,
And long approving *Pity* ſmil'd,
Till *Fate* broke through their weaker charm,
And wrapp'd in death their fav'rite Child.

Ah godlike Prince! may'ſt thou e'er ſhare
The glorious meed of endleſs fame!
Be Time's laſt effort aim'd to ſpare
From dark oblivion thy lov'd name.

Oh may the act by thee eſſay'd
On Danube's ſhores, alas, in vain,
Be ſo on *Severn*'s banks diſplay'd,
That dying hands may help obtain.

Thus may the virgin's cheek rebloom,
Again the manly arm be nerv'd,
And age from the rapacious tomb,
At leaſt ſome years, be ſtill preſerv'd.

Proceed!

Proceed! proceed! illuſtrious Band,
Each Virtue which has name applauds;
To lend the weak your ſtronger hand
Is labour worthy of the Gods.

LINES INSCRIBED TO A YOUNG LADY, ON THE OPINION ENTERTAINED BY MADAME LA MARQUISE DE SILLERY (LATE COMTESSE DE GENLIS) THAT "MAN WAS UNDESERVING LOVE." WRITTEN IN 1791.

AND lives there one whoſe hardy pen
This maxim aims to prove;
That, from the faults of ſome baſe men,
"The Sex deſerves not Love!"

And lives there one who thus would break
Our nature's firmeſt ties?
Forbid the ſtrongeſt paſſion ſpeak
In language of the eyes?

Then wherefore bloom the virgin's charms?
Wherefore her beauty giv'n,
If thus exhorted to take arms
Againſt the laws of Heav'n?

Wherefore each kind attention ſhewn,
Our fond regard to prove,
If the due homage they diſown,
And ſteel their hearts to love?

Oh may ſhe, 'midſt eternal ſnows,
A ſhiv'ring exile pine,
Whoſe breaſt congenial coldneſs knows,
Who chills the ſpark divine!

That

That ſweet ſenſation, ſhall it die
When giv'n to *cheer* life's gloom?
Love, which embalms our lateſt ſigh,
And ſtrews with flow'rs * our tomb.

On *other* minds, accompliſh'd Maid!
Be fix'd *De Sillery*'s line;
But ne'er avow her maxim weigh'd
With one illum'd as thine.

* The cuſtom of planting flowers on the graves of the deceaſed, I obſerved to prevail in many parts of South Wales, and in the Catholic Cantons in Switzerland.

TO THE SAME LADY,
ON SEEING A PAINTING BY HER OF DIANA WITH HER NYMPHS,
GOING OUT A HUNTING.

OCTOBER, 1789.

THIS group in vain the Critic views;
Thy pow'r his eye diſarms,
Which gives to *Beauty* brighter hues,
To *Chaſtity* new charms.

Was, with the ſkill which you poſſeſs,
Prometheus' art combin'd,
Theſe lovely forms you then might dreſs
In all your charms of mind.

Thus grac'd, they might, without a fear,
O'er rocks and mountains ſweep;
Whoſe wound not only "ſtricken deer,"
But ſtricken youths would weep.

Unblam'd,

Unblam'd, let me thy merit praiſe
Till worthier Bards appear;
And *Poetry*'s ſublimeſt lays
Her ſiſter Science cheer.

HUNTING SONG.

"Hark, the hollow woods reſounding."

WHILE ere yet the bright Aurora
Tints the hills with bluſh of morn,
While ſtill droops the world of Flora,
Ev'ry roſe and dew-gem'd thorn,

Hark! the Hunter's cheering hollow
Wakes young Echo with its ſound;
She, prepar'd his ſteps to follow,
E'er will in his train be found.

Youth and *Age*, without repining,
Eager ruſh into the plain,
Love's and Beauty's pow'r combining,
Now diſplay their charms in vain.

Chaſte Diana claims the morning,
Urges then her ſpeedy flight;
She, the laughing Venus ſcorning,
Leaves to her the realm of night.

EPIGRAM ON A LEGACY OF A BAROMETER AND THERMOMETER, LEFT BY A MR. ORTON, TO DOCTOR JOHNSTONE OF WORCESTER.

EUGENIO drawing near his end,
As pledge of love, bequeath'd his friend
Two inſtruments of curious mold,
Which ſhew'd degrees of heat and cold.
Thus, by the gift of both together,
His ſacred mem'ry ſtands all weather.

A SONG,

A SONG,
WRITTEN ON THE CHESTER CIRCUIT,
AND SUNG AT A MEETING OF ARCHERS
("THE BRITISH BOWMEN")
IN DENBIGHSHIRE,
AUGUST, 24, 1787.

Tune, "Vicar of Bray."

IN Cambria's land, tho' now no Lute
Reſound to Minſtrel's lays, Sir;
Tho' now each Bard and Lyre be mute,
Shall no one ſing its praiſe, Sir?
Forbid it, Heav'n! tho' rude my ſong,
Yet ſuch were thoſe of old, Sir,
Which echo'd theſe wild rocks among,
And made our fathers bold, Sir.

CHORUS.

Then join this toaſt, all Wales! whoſe ſteel
Shed blood in Freedom's cauſe, Sir,
And may the land *true* freedom feel,
Diffus'd by England's law, Sir!

Oh!

Oh! what a change! a happy change!
Is in our realm effected!
The Peaſants now our vallies range
By law, not arms, protected.
The ſpears which gleam'd on *Snowden*'s top,
With hoſtile blood imbrued,
To ploughſhares turn'd, now raiſe the crop
Which decks the Vale of Clwyd.

CHORUS.

Then join this toaſt, &c.

From Mona's oaks, which long ſince drew
The Druid's veneration,
Freſh ſcions ſpringing, now renew
The people's admiration.
As *Ships*, they teach the world to know
Great Britain's wide controul, Sir;
Far as the winds of Heav'n can blow,
Or Ocean's waters roll, Sir.

CHORUS.

Then join this toaſt, &c.

The

The tow'rs which crown'd each mountain's * head,
In ſilent ruin lying,
Are now with mantling ivy ſpread,
Or laurel never dying.
Within their courts now lovers meet
To breathe the well-known ſtory;
And laughing *Love* aſſumes the ſeat
Of once terrific *glory*.

CHORUS.

Then join this toaſt, &c.

Tho' cold be now *Cadwallo*'s tongue,
And "high-born *Howell*'s lay," Sir,
May mirth around this feſtive throng
Diffuſe a genial ray, Sir!
Arm'd with thoſe darts which Edward † brav'd
This bold and hardy land, Sir,
May by thoſe arms again be ſav'd,
Should tyrants bear command, Sir.

CHORUS.

Then join this toaſt, &c.

* There is rarely an eminence in North Wales on which is not ſeen the ruin of a caſtle, or ſome ancient military work.

† Edward I. who ſubdued this part of the province.

WRITTEN
WHILE ON THE CHESTER CIRCUIT,
IN 1787, ON LEAVING MOLD.

WAS I to curſe the man I hate,
From youth till he grew old,
Oh might he be condemn'd by Fate
To waſte his days at Mold *!

In Hiſt'ry's page the poet finds
That Æolus, of old,
Hither remov'd with all his winds,
And fix'd their ſeat at Mold.

* Mold, in Flintſhire, where the aſſizes are held, and where the judges continue a week, is remarkable for wind almoſt perpetual. The cauſe of this has been variouſly accounted for. Unhappily for the barriſters, it is alſo remarked for very little buſineſs.

On

On thoſe heap'd ruins *, long ago,
The Welch look'd wond'rous bold.
Well might they, ſince they knew no foe
Would ever *fight* for Mold.

No *armies* needed they: their force
Dire *hunger*, leagued with *cold*,
Of all foes would have check'd the courſe
Who came in ſight of Mold.

Nor *Harriet*'s † cheek, nor *Emma*'s eye
You e'er can *here* behold:
Agues and froſts ſuch charms deny
As Wrexham boaſts, to Mold.

* The Keep, or tower of the ancient caſtle, is ſtill viſible. It is called the Baily Hill: a corruption from Ballium.

† Miſſes Harriet and Emma Boycot, who then lived near Wrexham.

Th'

Th' effect, in vain eſſay'd by heat,
Is here produc'd by cold;
And ſhining guineas in cold ſweat,
Shrink in their bulk ‡ at Mold.

To Barriſters, thoſe legal prigs,
" I could a tale unfold
" Would harrow up" their very wigs,
And ſcare them all from Mold. †

In cells cold, gloomy, damp, and dull,
You're *lodg'd*, as you are told;
The Devil would, if hell was full,
Worſe lodge the damn'd at Mold.

Adiable then, deteſted place!
And freeze me with your cold,
If e'er again I ſhew my face
Within the blaſts of Mold.

‡ Guineas are frequently objected to here, as being ſhort of weight; on which they gain a ſhilling for the exchange.

† The judges, I hear, have been ſince " frozen out," and now hold their ſeſſions at Ruthin.

"THE SISTERS OF THE MOOR," *
WRITTEN ON MY RETURN FROM LUDLOW, AUGUST, 29, 1794, AFTER HAVING SEEN THEM AT A BALL THE PRECEDING EVENING.

YE Nine, I aſk your choiceſt lays,
And all your aid implore!
My language is too faint to praiſe
"The Siſters of the Moor."

Could I far ſweeter language uſe
Than Horace did, of yore,
Or Petrarch, dear to ev'ry Muſe,
Sweet Siſters of the Moor!

You then ſhould Lalagé excel,
And Laura might deplore
That Petrarch could not ſing ſo well,
Sweet Siſters of the Moor!

* "The Moor" is near Ludlow, the ſeat of —— Salwey, Eſq.

Since

Since I to ev'ry clime and age,
From England's happy ſhore,
Would praiſe you in immortal page,
Sweet Siſters of the Moor!

Seen but laſt night, from you I fly,
And ne'er may ſee you more;
Glad that I know you not am I,
Sweet Siſters of the Moor;

Since deeper ſtill, if Love's felt dart
The ſtricken breaſt ſhould gore,
And to your conqueſts add my heart,
Sweet Siſters of the Moor!

What eaſe can to the feeling breaſt,
Or herbs, or charms, reſtore?
I fly to ſeek in *abſence* reſt,
Sweet Siſters of the Moor!

Tho'

Tho' *Sorgue* * may boaſt a Laura's name
And Julia *Leman*'s † ſhore;
From them ſhall bear the meed of Fame
The Siſters of the Moor.

Tho' Reaſon cry your praiſes faint,
And arduous taſk give o'er,
Petrarch ſhould ſing, and *Raphael* paint
The Siſters of the Moor,

My Muſe ſtill, with undaunted wings,
Above the earth ſhall ſoar,
Proud of the lovely theme, ſhe ſings
The Siſters of the Moor.

* The river Sorgue flows from its ſource, ſo celebrated by Petrarch "the fountain of Vancluſe."

† Lac Leman is the proper name of the Lake of Geneva, as uſed by the French, from the ancient Lacus Lemanus.

SUNG AT WORCESTER,
NOVEMBER 4, 1788,
AFTER A PUBLIC DINNER OF WHIGS,
ASSEMBLED TO CELEBRATE
THE CENTENARY OF THE REVOLUTION.

Tune, "Vicar of Bray."

NOW England's Sons, with joy break forth
In ſongs of exultation,
And, grateful, praiſe that gallant worth
Which ſav'd our falling nation;
Their notes would GALLIA's ſhores aſtound,
And rouſe a land of ſlaves, Sir;
But jealous echoes catch the ſound,
And huſh it in their caves, Sir.

CHORUS.

May Liberty protect our ſhore,
Our King and Conſtitution!
And may we boaſt, till Time's no more,
The glorious Revolution!

When

When *She* deſcended, heav'n-born maid,
Upon this favour'd iſle, Sir,
She, lovely wild, o'er mountains ſtray'd,
Or made the vallies ſmile, Sir;
Upon the mountain's head her ſeat
The Nymph hath e'er maintain'd, Sir,
On which the winds moſt freely beat,
Whence floods ruſh unreſtrain'd, Sir.

CHORUS.—And may ſhe e'er protect our ſhore, &c.

Oh! may the ſpirit ſhe infus'd,
When firſt on earth deſcended,
Be through all Britiſh hearts diffus'd,
And by their arms defended! *
'Twas *this* drew forth Caradoc's ſteel,
This nerv'd Bonduca's arm, Sir,
And made e'en Roman VET'RANS feel
The force of Freedom's charm, Sir.

CHORUS.—And may ſhe e'er, &c.

* Be not in theſe names forgotten the gallant Caractacus, and nobly revengeful Boadicèa.

Whene'er the tyrant aim'd a blow,
The Patriot's falchion gleam'd, Sir;
Which laid the ſtern oppreſſor low,
Or with his own blood ſtream'd, Sir.
Our Anceſtors prepar'd to bleed,
Their freedom ne'er would barter,
But, ſword in hand, on Runnymede,
Obtain'd th' immortal charter.

CHORUS.—May that ſame ſpirit guard our ſhore,
&c. &c.

Does Charles' or James's bigot name
In Hiſt'ry's page appear, Sir,
We turn aſide to Hampden's fame,
Or weep o'er Ruſſel's bier, Sir;
Such heroes DOOM demands our ſigh,
Their WORTH our admiration,
And while they claim the pitying eye,
They claim our IMITATION.

CHORUS.—May the ſame ſpirit, &c.

And

And may we e'er, my friends, maintain
Our Church, our State, our Law, Sir!
And may, ſhould e'er a like James reign,
Be found a like Naſſau, Sir!
Thus ſhall the world be taught to know,
Great Britain's wide controul, Sirs,
Far as the winds of Heav'n can blow,
Or Ocean's waters roll, Sirs.

CHORUS.

Proud of the pow'r which guards their Shore,
Their King and Conſtitution,
Let Britons boaſt, till Time's no more,
The GLORIOUS REVOLUTION!

TRANSLATION OF A LATIN EPITAPH ON A HUNTSMAN, IN THE CHURCH-YARD OF MARGAM, GLAMORGANSHIRE.

YE who bow at *Hubert*'s ſhrine,
Now with Gods in bliſs divine;
To whom, forc'd by Fate to yield,
He left the echoing horn and field,
O change your loud and joyful cries
To lamentation and to ſighs!
The tender tear of pity ſhed,
And weep with me a huntſman dead!
And who more juſtly claims the tear
Than EVAN RICE, whoſe duſt lies here?

* St. Hubert, the Patron of Hunters. The epitaph is in Latin rhyme, at the end of which is inſcribed

"*Evano Rice*, Thomas Manſell, ſervo fideli dominus benevolus poſuit."

He

He o'er the rugged ſteep and plain
With ſpeedy foot and hope not vain,
With hound and horn all game purſu'd
Which roves the plain or lurks in wood.
Swifter at morn's firſt dawn he flew
Than winds or roebucks o'er the dew;
Nor could the mid-day ſun prevent
His labour on his ſport intent.
And, ſhould Sol's fires no longer burn,
Still would he unfatigu'd return.

But morn to him now dawns in vain:
You ne'er will hunt with him again,
Since Death—the hunter of us all,
Who makes his prey of great and ſmall,
Hath ſtopp'd (he only could) his courſe,
And Evan yielded to his force.
Nor Phœbus or Aurora more
Can e'er his cheering face reſtore.

Remov'd, alas! from mortal ſight,
He ſleeps a long perpetual night.
With praiſe he finiſh'd his career:
You know the truth who dew his bier.

To you, ere yet of life bereft,
His horſe, his horn, his hounds he left.
Oh may his manes well reſt in peace
Till hunting with the world ſhall ceaſe.

LINES
TO J. NARES, ESQ.
SENT WITH A PORTER-CUP,
HAVING A GLASS BOTTOM.

ACCEPT, dear Nares! a votive cup,
In gratitude for the kind ſup

Of

Of porter you beſtow'd,*
When, 'ſcap'd from Bagſhot's bloodleſs fight,
That our fair band ſurviv'd the night
To this alone was owed.

I can nor gold nor ſilver ſend
To grace the ſideboard of my friend,
This cup is ſomewhat neuter;
And yet, I pray you, do not ſcorn
(Since *verſe* mean ſubjects can adorn)
My ruſtic lays and pewter.

No outward graces here are ſeen;
And yet *within* the cup, I ween,
An angel you will ſee;
Drink deep or taſte not, friend! nor fear
The lovely angel will appear,
Should *Lloyd* ſit *vis-a-vis*.

* Theſe were written ſoon after Bagſhot grand Review, at which time I ſpent ſome days at Mr. Nares's houſe, in company with a Miſs Lloyd, and ſome other handſome ladies.

Bleſt with ſuch partner of your cares
As thy moſt beauteous wife, friend Nares!
Your eyes will never rove;
Your gueſts too ſhould avoid the draught,
Leſt when the treach'rous nectar's quaff'd,
That inſtant enter love.

TO WILLIAM DREWE, ESQUIRE, OF NEW INN. SENT AS AN APOLOGY FOR A BREACH OF PROMISE, IN NOT HAVING MET HIM AND A PARTY CONSISTING OF THE PORTALS OF HAMPSHIRE, AND SLADES OF HAMMERSMITH, AT WINDSOR.

AS Orpheus, by his matchleſs ſkill,
Appeas'd a ſavage crew;
As Anſtey ſilenc'd "Maſter Gill," *
Let me appeaſe thee, Drewe!

* Ode to Gill the paſtry-cook; every ſtanza ending with "My worthy Maſter Gill."

If

If proſe, alas! *in vain* I've try'd,
Oh let the verſe I ſend,
Which harmleſs *fiction* has ſupply'd,
Conciliate my friend.

And, if there is one Muſe of Nine
For aſking pardon fam'd,
May ſhe to Drewe convey this line,
And back return unblam'd!

If *not*, a new one I'll create,
By *Fancy*'s high decree;
And be this nymph in Phœbus' ſtate
Call'd *Apologyné*.

And, ſhould a youth at any time
Neglect the call of beauty,
Let this fair Muſe atone his crime
By pledge of future duty.

Let her, ſhould he engagements break,
All angry fair ones calm;
To him their kind forgiveneſs ſpeak,
And give his wound its balm.

Thus

Thus on ſome ſpecial purpoſe bent,
As kings ſend Plenipoes;
On *peace* alone *my* Muſe intent
Ambaſſadreſs now goes.

A breach of treaty we will own
(To uſe a king's expreſſion)
And, ſuppliant, approach your throne
With ev'ry due conceſſion.

Shouldſt thou reject theſe terms of ours,
We'll call in potent aids:
All Hammerſmith's and Hampſhire's pow'rs,
The Portals, and the Slades.

Join'd by this phalanx, we'll appear
Before the gates of New Inn,
And you and each attorney there
Involve in inſtant ruin.

JULY, 13, 1783.

TO

TO —— BISSET, ESQ.
WHO WROTE FROM GRENOBLE, TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH, IN ENGLAND, SAYING HE SHOULD EXPECT TO MEET HIM AT AVIGNON, IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE: A PLACE THEY HAD MUTUALLY AGREED UPON, IN ORDER TO PROCEED TO ITALY TOGETHER.

SOONER, much ſooner, ſhall the rapid Rhone *
To *Lyons* roll its ſtream *from Avignon*,
Than thou, O much deluded Biſſet, ſee
Thy long expected Monmouth † come to thee.

* The Rhone flows from Lyons to Avignon.

† His Lordſhip is Earl of Peterborough and *Monmouth*. The Author hopes he will pardon this fictitious recommendation of a tour to countries wherein the heat is ſaid to be exceſſive.

Go

Go then where fancy leads thee, Biſſet, go
Or to the Devil, or the Banks of Po:
Thy friend will here ſincerely wiſh you well
In hot Italia, or in hotter Hell.

"THE HEAVING OF THE LEAD."

[In the night of the 8th of January, 1794, ſome thieves ſtripped part of the houſe of the Earl of Coventry, of lead, and likewiſe robbed his Lordſhip's river of a conſiderable quantity of fiſh. An advertiſement, in order to diſcover the offenders, appeared in the Worceſter Journal, which occaſioned this Parody on a popular ſong.]

ON Croome-Houſe *, when, with fav'ring night,
A gang of thieves up ladders got,
And mounted on the wiſh'd for height,
They glory'd in their horrid plot;
To "*heave the lead*," the raſcals ſprung,
While to the ſleeping Earl they ſung,
By the Lord, Lead!

* Croome, the principal ſeat of the Earl of Coventry.

Then

Then, getting down, to gain their home,
Another object came in view:
Near water they'd not *idly* roam,
But fain would rob his Lordſhip's ſtew;
While oft the lead their ſhoulders wrung,
They to the Earl moſt grievous ſung,
By the mark, Thieves!

And when the well fraught net they clear'd,
(While one on watch was kept aloof)
A ſhoal of carp and tench appear'd:
Of fiſh and theft a matchleſs proof.
The lead once more their ſhoulders wrung,
Yet leaving Croome they cheerly ſung,
Quarter paſt Five!

AN ODE,
INSCRIBED TO THE SOCIETY
FOR CONSTITUTIONAL INFORMATION.
NOVEMBER 16, 1783.

SONS of Freedom, wreath the bay
Round the brows of him who ſung
Freedom's ſoul enchanting lay:
Strain divine from mortal tongue,

Who extoll'd th' Athenian pair,
Leagu'd againſt a tyrant's line:
Harmodius*! thy virtues rare
And, Ariſtogiton! thine.

* Sir William Jones, an illuſtrious member of this ſociety, had the preceding year preſented an Ode to the ſociety, in imitation of an Ode of Calliſtratus, in praiſe of Harmodius and Ariſtogiton, which was ſet to muſic, and recited after an anniverſary dinner, May 14th, 1782.

The Author having the honour of knowing him, addreſſed this tribute of reſpect to the Society and Sir William, on his departure for India; he having been appointed one of the judges of the ſupreme court of judicature in Bengal.

Rockingham's

Rockingham's and Lenox' worth
Sounded on his boldeſt ſtring;
Who to Britain gave new birth,
And to Fame reſtor'd her king.

Mourn, ye ſons of freedom! ſee,
Mute, alas! now hangs that lyre,
Whoſe high notes ſo bold and free,
Breath'd Calliſtratus's fire.

Round your poet's head ſeas roar,
Yet, ye winds, ye tempeſts, ceaſe!
While he bears to India's ſhore
Britain's laws, the fruits of peace.

Tho' Bon Eſperanza * rear
Threat'ning o'er the waves its height,
May no ſurge excite a fear,
Or the neighb'ring rock affright!

* Cape of Good Hope.

So, rewarding Ocean's care,
India ſhall her gifts beſtow;
Pearls and gold her rivers bear:
They into his boſom flow.

May Arabia's happy coaſt,
Grateful for his verſe, diſpenſe
Each perfume ſhe values moſt,
To regale th' enraptur'd ſenſe!

Solima * and Maia fair!
Lovely ſubjects of his ſong,
For him all your ſweets prepare,
Should he ſtray your groves among.

For him who, in Britain's iſle,
Was to worth and beauty dear,
Spencer's goodneſs, *Devon*'s ſmile:
Oft their favour'd bard would cheer.

* See his "Arabian Eclogues."— In the poem entitled "Solima," the benevolent character of the Counteſs Dowager Spencer is finely pourtrayed.

And

And when ſafe to India's arms
Ocean ſhall its truſt reſign,
Laws ſhall wear their long-loſt charms,
Jones! diſpens'd by hands like thine.

Be their bolt with trueſt aim
'Gainſt thoſe ſons of rapine hurl'd,
Who humanity diſclaim;
Fiends who deſolate the world.

Yet who now with equal grace,
Friends! can ſweep your poet's lyre?
Who ſupply the patriot's place?
Who the holy flame inſpire?

Hear you not the harp's ſhrill ſound?
Hear you not the choral ſong
Through Hibernia's * plains rebound?
Notes which winds to us prolong.

* The Iriſh at this time ſtrongly demanded a melioration of the repreſentation of the Commons of that nation; and, happily for them, ſucceeded in attaining their object.

Notes, with which the Bards of yore
Bade the mountain-warriors arm,
When old Snowdon, ſtain'd with gore,
Felt our Edward's dread alarm.

" Britons! wake at Freedom's call;
" Rouſe! your godlike rights demand;
" Your bright falchions ſhall appal
" Slav'ry's crouching ſervile band.

" Bounteous Heav'n bade man be free;
" Shall *man* the bliſs to *man* deny,
" When Heav'n pronouncing this decree,
" Taught the cauſe in which to die?

" To die or conquer (equal praiſe)
" Vanquiſh'd and the victors claim.
" Glorious death or glorious days
" Live alike in endleſs fame.

" *Wiſdom* cool, with *Valour* join'd,
" Freedom's panoply ſhall form;
" *This* direct aright the mind;
" *That* excite and guide the ſtorm.

" Thus

" Thus th' admiring world again
" Shall exulting Britain ſee
" In her King — a King of Men:
" In her people, bold and free."

TO A BEAUTIFUL LADY, RESIDING AT MALVERN, DURING THE SEASON OF MALVERN WELLS; ON HER PROPOSING TO FORM A PARTY TO HAGLEY, THE CELEBRATED SEAT OF LORD LYTTELTON.

WHAT caus'd fam'd Lyttelton t'admire
So much his Hagley's grove?—
What! but the ſubject of his lyre,
The matchleſs *Lucy*'s * love.

* The Lady of *George* Lord Lyttelton, whoſe memory he honoured by a Monody particularly deſcriptive of her domeſtic virtues and ſweetneſs of temper.

Through each ſweet ſhade and rural ſcene
With Lucy would he ſtray;
Whoſe converſe, lovely as her mien,
Beguil'd the varying way.

Since beauty with ſweet temper join'd,
Can ev'ry ſcene endear;
Midſt ſtorms can tranquilize the mind,
And by its preſence cheer,

Each conteſt of the troubl'd air
Round Malvern's brow might riſe;
Rains might deſcend, and lightnings glare,
And death alarm our eyes;

Yet, midſt the elemental war,
If *one* dear form appear'd,
Another Lucy,—brighter far
Than ſhe who Hagley cheer'd.

Near *her* I ne'er could feel alarm,
So conſcious of her worth;
And that Heav'n's ſtorms can never harm
An Angel's form on earth.

This was written after a thunder-ſtorm. Storms of this nature, when once attracted by this hill, continue nearly ſtationary till their force is exhauſted.

PRESENTED
TO LADY EDWARD FITZGERALD
(THE CELEBRATED PAMELA,
DAUGHTER OF LA COMTESSE DE GENLIS)
AFTER HAVING ACCOMPANIED
HER LADYSHIP,
LADIES LUCY AND SOPHIA FITZGERALD,
AND TWO MISSES OGILBYS,
TO VISIT A FOUNTAIN
IN THE WEST SIDE OF MALVERN HILL.

POURROIS je de *Petrarca* reveiller la Muſe
Plus fameuſe, tu ſerois belle Fontaine! que
Vaucluſe.

Cinq Nymphes dont les charmes ont commencées
d'eclore,
Et chacune plus belle plus inſtructe que ſa LAURE,
Ont buées de vos eaux, ont admirées la ſcene
Frappante comme leur charmes et comme Lucie
ſereine.
Coule donc, belle Fontaine! a la mer teins ta
courſe,
Mais n'oubliez jamais la glorie de ta *ſource*
Et porte deſormais et conſerve avec Zéle,
La memoire de ces ſœurs et le nom de Pamele.

The Ducheſs of Leinſter, Mr. Ogilby and family, reſided at Malvern during the ſummer of 1793.

TO MISS D'ALTRY, AT MALVERN, WITH A PRESENT OF APPLES. OCTOBER 18, 1791.

ACCEPT, ſweet Grace of Malvern-hill,
The humble preſent which I ſend;
The ſlighteſt acts may mark the will;
The ſmalleſt tokens ſhew the friend.

Amid theſe apples, view the *Styre*,
Whoſe juice blithe Phillips ſang * ſo well;
Another, too, which we admire,
Call'd from its flavour, Nonpareil.

Once, three fam'd beauties of the ſkies
Deſcended for a while from Heav'n;
From Paris claim'd the golden prize;
Which was by him to Venus giv'n.

* In his *Poem on Cyder.*

No

No golden apple can *I* give,
Nor paſs I ought unaſk'd decree;
Deign but the preſent to receive,
Eliza! thus addreſs'd to thee!

"To thy Cliffs, rocky Seaton, adieu!"

Parodied in

AN ADIEU TO SOUTHAMPTON,
WRITTEN AFTER THE SATURDAY'S BALL,
AT WHICH
SCARCE ANY LADIES APPEARED.

AUGUST 25, 1792.

TO thy rooms gloomy Southton, adieu!
And adieu to thy Saturday's ball.
On my ſoul, I perceiv'd ſomewhat new,
When I look'd upon nothing at all.

And

And you, my dear Ladies, farewell!
Who play'd cards and talk'd ſcandal at home.
May all the beaux fly from each belle
When again you are *willing* to roam!

May the *Rolleſtons* †, the *Frankland*, the *Pyes*,
And the *Kings*, and ſweet *Amyats* prove,
When they next try the force of their eyes,
That the youths are all callous to love!

Perchance, we were not worth your charms,
And you all were in this of accord:
Then I wiſh you the worſt of all harms,
May each Lady be curs'd with a Lord!

† Miſſes Rolleſton, Frankland, Pye, King, and Amyats.

EPITAPH

EPITAPH ON A MAN WHO DIED WHILE HE WAS SINGING, AT HEREFORD, IN 1789.

HERE I lie: — an old man, who could not have
liv'd long;
But who ſhorten'd my days (an odd tale) by a ſong!
My voice, which the beſt in the pariſh would
match,
Ceas'd, when Death, unſolicited, ſported a catch!
Gentle reader, adieu! and to die learn of me:
May you anſwer Death's catch too, as I did—with
glee!

ST.

ST. SULPY RACES †.

1790.

GOD proſper long our noble ſelves,
Our lives and ſafeties all,
Since many of us, luckleſs elves,
This day may get a fall.

Oh let the Muſe, in merry ſtrain,
Record this day of glee;
Spread from Lake Leman to the Main
The fame of St. Sulpy.

Five youths, the pride of Britain's iſle,
All lovers of the chace,
Forc'd e'en the ſerious Swiſs to ſmile,
By riding of a race.

† Lord Elcho was patron of theſe races. The qualification, a Lauſanne *Hack*. The courſe was not above a quarter of a mile in circumference; but races rode in the Engliſh ſtyle, excited the general curioſity of Geneva and Lauſanne.

No

No courſe or ſteeds of *blood* they found ;
But to invention prone,
Neceſſity † marked out the ground,
And ſaddled ſteeds of *bone*.

One, *Skeleton* was aptly call'd,
Whipp'd on by Elcho's ſon;
The ſecond, ſpavin'd, fir'd, and gall'd,
Was rode by Champernonne.

The third, from out the ſtable came
So trim, ſo ſleek, ſo nice,
You ſcarcely would have thought him lame:
This rip was rode by Price.

Young Oſwald rode a coal-black mare;
A like one ſeldom ſeen ;
Unleſs on mountains bleak and bare
The reader, chance, has been.

† On account of the numerous vineyards in the Pais de Vaud, this confined plain was fixed upon.

The

The laſt, not leaſt in fame or ſpeed,
The gay Lord Hume beſtrode.—
The Muſe has now pourtray'd each ſteed;
So now will end her Ode.

WREXHAM.

AUGUST GREAT SESSIONS,

1787.

Theſe Conſolatory Lines (addreſſed to Charles Bolas, Eſq. Barriſter at Law, on the loſs of his Wig) were occaſioned by his coming into my room the morning on which our appearance in court was neceſſary, and lamenting that his boy had left his Wig behind, at Poole, in Montgomeryſhire.

SAY, Bolas, ſay, can aught the Muſe's ſtrain
Avail to ſooth the anguiſh of thy grief?
What tho' thou never can'ſt thy Wig regain,
Perchance her friendly verſe may give relief.

What!

What! tho' the honours of thy head be loſt,
And will no more that luckleſs pate adorn,
What! tho' they be in ſome vile gutter toſt,
Or doom'd to ſcare the crows from rip'ning corn;

Yet from a gutter, or a ſcarecrow's head,
The *Muſe*, omnipotent, can bid them riſe,
Break the long ſlumber of Oblivion's bed,
And with *Belinda*'s † treſſes ſhare the ſkies.

Rejoice, then, *happy* in thy *loſs* of Wig,
Since with thy Wig's ſhall alſo riſe *thy* fame;
And * * * ‡ can ſpare thee from one much too big,
Another peruke of as great a name:

With which, of late, ſo beautifully curl'd,
So deck'd with ev'ry grace of tie and tails,
He charm'd the Belgic and the Gallic world,
Hague, Bruſſels, Paris, Fontainbleau, Verſailles.

† Belinda, the heroine of the "Rape of the Lock."

‡ A Barriſter who had juſt returned from a trip to the Continent, and who now appeared in a wig of an uncommon ſize.

Or

Or were ſome ſtrolling ſons of Theſpis near,
They on thy fate would caſt a pitying eye:
For thee bareheaded *Doodle* would appear,
Or kind Lord *Grizzle* * would thy wants ſupply.

But brighter proſpects ſtrike my raviſh'd ſight:
Thy Page is ſent to Poole: thy Wig is found!
In his return may Hermes ſpeed his flight!
And Nereids guard the youth from being drown'd;

Leſt when in paſſing *Vyrnew*'s § rapid wave,
His trembling hand ſhould drop the prize regain'd,
And the pure ſtream become the Peruke's grave,
And be with powder and pomatum ſtain'd!

Should this (but Heav'n avert it) ſhould this hap
Go without Wig to court,— nor mind our jokes,
You have a *precedent*, my little chap,
And may *ſans* Fear become a ſecond *Stokes*. ||

* Two characters in the farce of Tom Thumb.

§ We had ſwam our horſes through this river the preceding day.

|| Mr. Stokes, a reſpectable barriſter, is indulged with the privilege of not wearing a wig, on account of ill health.

THE AUTHOR TO HIS BOOK.

GO forth, my Muſe's Offspring! to the Town,
Court friendly aid, nor fear the *Critic*'s frown!
Since thou thyſelf, unwilling to offend,
May'ſt hope 'mongſt *Critics* e'en to find a friend.
Could I, like Milton, "build the lofty rhime;"
Could *my* Verſe live invincible by Time,
To ev'ry theme I gladly would aſpire
Worthy the Muſe, and grateful to her lyre:
Britannia's praiſes ſhould reſound afar;
Glorious in peace, as terrible in war:
Round GEORGE's brow the conq'ror's wreath ſhe'd twine,
And hang his trophies upon Freedom's ſhrine.
Since fights a monarch at *Ambition*'s call,
No praiſe he merits, but deſerves a fall.

No tyrant, O my Country! e'er ſhould reign
Prais'd by the Muſe, who vex'd thy tranquil plain.
Unlike fair Italy, where now fierce rage
The arms of War, which ſpare not ſex or age;

Where

Where not Religion's holy throne can ſtay
The plund'rer's progreſs, or his ire allay!
Unlike *this* country, Britain, may'ſt thou prove!
And thy King live ſecure in ſubjects love.
His Queen and Offspring, gems of Virtue's ſhrine,
Add to the glory of the Brunſwick line.

29th June, 1796.

THE END.

BRITISH MUSEUM